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Editorials

Carving the Turkey Is Unenviable Task

There is a note of topical cheerfulness about the dictum of the U.S. Department of Agriculture's poultry expert that "anyone who can whittle can carve a turkey." With the memory of Christmas still fresh in mind, with its recollections of legs looking as if they had been torn from the festive bird, the average man is going to face the forthcoming New Year's turkey with little more than the usual forebodings. And even the comforting knowledge that he is an expert whittler is not going to make him feel a great deal more assured.

The carving of the turkey is always one of the major drawbacks of an otherwise festive season. The vision of the task lies as heavily on the conscience in prospect as the bird itself does on the indigestion in retrospect.

From the moment when it is purchased to the moment when it makes its triumphant appearance at the board, it presents problems for the man of the household. He has to pay for it, he has to help in its preparation and suggest ways and means whereby its huge proportions may be introduced into an inadequate cooking utensil.

Then, when everyone else has no more to do than enjoy its flavor, he must make his usual savage attack on the passively resisting bird, and in an atmosphere of spilled gravy and frigid wifely disapproval hack large pieces of meat into misshapen forms which must be camouflaged as speedily as possible under a cloak of dressing, vegetables and other adjuncts of the ritual.

In the face of all this, the fact that the turkey has retained its popularity as a seasonal dish at Thanksgiving and Christmas is tribute to its outstanding merit as the centrepiece of the festive table.

Importance of Good Books

The importance of reading good books cannot be stressed too strongly. Books provide the best part of our education. They add richness to life. They provide much of our entertainment. Think of the impact made by just one book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin", on the slavery issue.

Perhaps we take books too much for granted. Picture a world without books. Before long we should be ignorant primitives.

Today as never before books are essential to us; for the pre-school child the exquisite picture books are a joy and a delight; for school children books provide information and recreation, and they do the same for adults. Books can help us all do our job better, widen our horizons, provide us with the knowledge we need to make up our minds on vital questions to be effective citizens. They help us whether we are housewives, farmers, clergymen, mechanics, writers, lawyers, artists, doctors, teachers, businessmen.

We need books in our homes. Let us buy all the books we can. But most of us cannot afford to buy all the books we need. So we depend on libraries. The library is the heart of the university. The library should be the centre of the school. Public libraries are the intelligence centres of our communities.

Until the twentieth century only large cities could afford to pay from taxes for public libraries with informed librarians and large up to date book collections. For the most part, people who lived in the country did without libraries. The last fifty years have seen a great expansion of country and regional libraries. From a central headquarters, often in a city, books are sent out to towns, villages and hamlets in the district. Even small communities receive a wide variety of books.

These books move about the region so that libraries are not "read out". Any book in the region may be borrowed through requesting it from a branch library. Large unit libraries, financed by a combination of municipal and provincial taxes, require co-operation between a number of urban and rural councils. This can be gained when we become really alert to the need for books; books of quality and in numbers; and for librarians to bring together readers and books in a dynamic relationship.



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M NOT AFRAID!"

For Parents Only

Happy New Year

By Nancy Cleaver

"It's all very well to wish other folk a Happy New Year but it seems to me these days it's very hard for fathers and mothers to find happiness. The older children get, the more things there are to worry about. If it isn't anxiety over illness, you're scared they will be in an accident or start going around with an undesirable gang!" one mother remarked petulantly.

"Dear me, you make parent-hood sound like a very dreary business!" her friend laughed in reply. "Whenever I see how empty a home is without children, even if it is extremely tidy I'm thankful for my two young ragamuffins! If I get feeling sorry for myself, on a day when nothing goes well, I just recall my old Grandy quoting from the Bible, 'God setteth the solitary in families.'"

"Happy New Year!" we wish our friends—and we wonder what the future will hold for them—and for us. Our children have been having a marvellous Christmas holiday. But gifts and entertaining have reduced the family budget to an all-time low! Perhaps we reflect that childhood is a carefree time compared to adult years with responsibilities and anxieties! But it is important that mother and dad achieve satisfaction in their work. They need to relax and enjoy their leisure time. If either parent is habitually dissatisfied or irritable, the atmosphere in the home will be anything but happy. Because mother spends more time with her children than father, to a great extent, it is she who colors their outlook on life. If she is naturally cheerful and optimistic, it is likely to be a happy new year for all the family.

What are some of the paths to happy living? Instead of thinking of a whole year stretching before us, we should break the long span of a year into days for we only have to live one day at a time! This is one secret of successful living. Regret over past mistakes or fears of future happenings should not be allowed to darken today's blue sky.

A social service worker in a slum area always kept a flower in the little vase on her desk. "It reminds me that beauty can always be found if I look for it—even in tangled lives and squalid surroundings," she told a friend. A teacher in his farewell talk to his pupils who were going into collegiate, gave them three fine suggestions for daily living: "Each day, learn one new thing, help someone else and have some fun yourself!"

You may have your own ways of finding and maintaining serenity of spirit. Looking for beauty, being alert for new ideas or information, having a helpful attitude to other people are certainly good paths to happiness. Relaxing and enjoying life is also very important.

Many parents are so ambitious to get ahead—to give their children more "advantages" than they had themselves, that they become tense or fatigued. They forget that some of the things which children need most cannot be compared with money. Do our children look at us and conclude that being a grown up isn't much fun? Has the weight of our duties somehow destroyed our zest for living? They are being cheated—and so are we—if in our daily lives there is little of the glow of happiness.

Happiness may be discovered in such simple ways as listening to good music, looking at a lovely picture, reading poetry. Recently the Ryerson Press pub-

lished a Chat-Book, "Orphan and Other Poems" by Freda Newton Bunner which would be a fine addition to any bookshelf. The last poem, Storehouse, in this little volume suggests the importance of finding Happiness:

"There is a place in the heart for lovely things,
All lovely things,
They are stored there, gossamer-cloaked,
With folded wings.
And however dreary the day,
With cold or cloud or dust duty,
Delight may suddenly soar with shining song.
—Remembered beauty."
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YESTERDAY'S KIDS MORE PENNYWISE

A primary trouble with today's social order is that boys and girls no longer can go to an old-fashioned general store and ponder the spending of a few pennies before a fly-specked candy counter filled with a score of kinds of penny candies. That was the practical economic training which gave thousands of today's middle-aged citizens a first-hand knowledge of the intrinsic value of money. Today's boys and girls think in terms of nickles, dimes and quarters.

Cautious buyer
On Saturday evening, while mother and father bartered eggs and butter and perhaps a bushel or two of potatoes for groceries, hardware, a yard of percale and some red hair ribbons for the girls, a 12-year-old boy stood in front of the candies and figured how best to spend his pennies.

Chocolates were admittedly delicious but they had no lasting qualities. A boy wanted material that would last and still provide plenty of flavor. He studied the hard sugar candies in their many flavors: coltsfoot, ginger, cinnamon, wintergreen, horehound, birch, orange, anise, saffrafas, clove, lemon and lime. He studied the mint kisses, tangle balls, sour ball, little bean pots filled with sugar-coated peanuts, jawbreakers and humbugs.

The Good Old Days
There were chocolate cigars with colorful wrappers, candy cigarettes, coconut flags, long licorice sticks, "plug tobacco" with a tin star, and peppermint flavored paraffin that had satisfying lasting qualities.

A young citizen with three or four pennies had a difficult time but it taught one to think through before he made up his mind. — Ottawa Journal

MEXICO DID AWAY WITH SANTA CLAUS

In 1930 the authorities in Mexico decided to abolish Santa Claus during the Christmas festival as they considered him out of place in a country where snow is seldom seen.

The well-known bearded figure was ousted by Quetzalcoatl, the Indian god, half bird, half snake, who was worshipped by the Aztecs before the Spanish invasion.

In its new Christmas program the southern country has made a feature of the distribution of presents to thousands of needy children by the plumed serpent and every year this big-scale present-giving takes place on December 23.

IN OUR MAIL BOX

Dec. 16, 1956

Editor, The Tribune,

Dear Sir,

That was a good editorial re municipal financing, but why not sell the Village Bonds over the counter? I should think the folks would like to have a chance to buy the bonds in denominations of, say \$100, as a nest-egg for their children. I should feel flattered to be able to buy a Bond on Markham Township; it gives a fellow a sense of "belonging". The people of Stouffville, or Markham, or Whitchurch, or Richmond Hill will have to pay the bonds eventually. Why not buy them in the first place?

Of course, it would take some propaganda. Instead of saying: "Buy Govt. Savings Bonds" why not say "Buy Stouffville Sewer Bonds"? The interest rate would not matter so much. What the folks paid in taxes they would get back in interest. Besides, what a lovely wedding present to give their children — a Bond on their own Home Town!

Well, Mr. Editor, I'm real mad! In fact I'm angry over this Hungarian business. When George Washington, Pouis Riel, Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, Lout and Matthews and Eamon Ed Valera rebelled against a bad government, they were all prepared to accept what the fortunes of war brought them—good or bad. But look here, I find the Canadian Government running to Budapest, bringing erstwhile enemy aliens into Canada, paying their fare by air, giving them civic receptions at Halifax (as per this morning's radio, believe it or not). I wonder if they get turkey dinners. I see three things wrong with it:

1. If we want refugees, the British Commonwealth has got millions of them—Ceylon, Kenya, Apartheid South Africa—to say nothing of thousands of nice young English, Irish and Scotch lads and lassies who'd be glad to come—if their fare was paid—or even if they were sure of a job. I don't like to see Ontario made a dumping ground for all the discontented foreigners on earth. I personally employ foreigners and have had some real good workers, good honest people, too. But Europeans have a tendency to vote as groups. They quickly learn how to put pressure on Councils and Parliaments. They are right now just about monopolizing one radio station—when-

ever I listen to it.

2. They are being started off on the wrong foot. Fifty years ago the Laurier government wanted immigrants. They advertised in Britain and 200,000 of us came. We all paid our own fare. Thousands of us went without the ordinary comforts of life. To save the fare, we came in the holds of miserable ships, ate poor meals off bare boards, were shoved into fenced pens in Halifax. I came to Toronto in a slatted colonist car with no cushions, no seats, no blankets, no nothing! I sat up awake for forty-four consecutive hours, ate buns or bread, got a job with a farmer at \$16 a month in Scarborough, near Wexford. In the winter he put the horses in the barn and fed them and turned me out to starve. I got a job at Georgetown cutting logs at \$2 per week. When the snow got deep (about Jan. 1st) the old farmer reduced my wages to one dollar per week. The rations were not too good, so I went to the barn and ate the wheat.

I stuck it out till April and then left. When the old farmer died, I hope they buried him a long way down. Later on I got me a real good job on the C.P.R. Freight Sheds at 14 cents per hour. I got a room at \$1.25 per week. The only thing wrong with it was, I had to break the ice in the mornings to wash my face and hands. I have forgotten if I ever had a bath or not. Well, it was good schooling for me, anyway.

Now, look at these Hungarians. They are made to think that they are conferring a favor on Canada by coming here. I see by the paper that a University has offered to take in 250 of them FREE—and I've never seen the inside of a High School yet. When my wife saw the first pictures of these so-called refugees, she said: "Why they are just as well dressed as Canadian people!" She could have added, "Much better dressed than the British people."

My third point is this: For the last two years we have been listening to dismal stories about the need for low-rent housing. We need more Regents, Parks, Hospital bed shortage—school shortages—teacher shortages—imbalance (whatever that is) between industrial and residential assessments—no houses must be built—only factories. Education minister Dunlop has been lampooned and caricatured as giving teacher certificates to cripples and unfit persons—terrible, terrible, terrible! Well, a lot of it is true enough.

One of my own lads was waiting two weeks for a hospital bed and had to be rushed in—bed or no bed—to save his life. The Hospital shortage is genuine enough. Well, then, last

BETWEEN OURSELVES BY Archer Wallace

Backward and Forward

The end of the year is a good time to take stock and it is natural that we should ask ourselves what the world is coming to. Sometimes we get pessimistic and again occasionally hopeful, but we must take long views. I have often told the story of a remarkable old lady who lived part of her life in Newcastle-on-Tyne in England—about ten miles from where I was born and brought up. Here is the story.

A few years ago Elizabeth Haldane passed on, in the north of England. She was born in April, 1825, and died in May, 1925. She was the mother of Lord Haldane, who was for a time Chancellor of the Exchequer. The old lady was remarkable, not only because of her great age, but because in the closing years of her life she wrote a book which was a record of the hundred years through which she had lived.

In that book Mrs. Haldane wrote of the changes of the century 1824-1925. It was a period of great change. She spent most of her life in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where George Stephenson invented the first locomotive and was busily engaged in improving it when she was a girl. She could recall the determined opposition to the first "travelling engines."

Later she saw the introduction of other methods of transportation: tricycles, bicycles, motor cars, and airplanes. It was a century of progress and discovery. She was keenly interested in radio, which made its appearance not long before her death. Her mind was clear to the end. The Archbishop of York, who visited her often, said, "Old age to her was not one of increasing weakness, but rather one of ever-growing spiritual power."

Lying on her back (for she became bedridden towards the end), she surveyed the century through which she had lived. In her book she asked and answered the question of what was the most wonderful change she had seen in one hundred years. Her answer was, "The changed attitude of adults toward children."

She remembered her cousins and brothers being severely flogged for minor offenses. She wrote: "I have known my boy cousin to return from school black and blue for three days, hiding in a chimney, in fear of the master's treatment. A girl cousin of mine was punished by being locked up in a barn and fed on bread and water." The Haldanes were quite well-to-do people, so we can only guess at the treatment handed out to less fortunate children.

She goes on to say that the same severity was used in religious training. It was a "wedge of torture and an instrument of cruelty. We were watched continually and our actions construed to mean what we had never dreamed. At family worship prayers were directed at us, rather than to the Almighty."

When she was fourteen, Elizabeth had a sharp attack of rheumatism, and seven years later she still remembered the doctor's visit. He entered the room wearing a bright green coat with brass buttons, corduroy trousers, top boots and carrying a riding whip in his hand. He asked her if she would like to be "Blinded." She meekly answered "Yes." He bound her arm tightly, and with very old and crude instruments proceeded to bleed her. After two unsuccessful attempts he finally succeeded in getting a basin of blood. She did recover, but there was no babbling during convalescence. It was not thought the proper thing to use warm water, and so, although it was a severe winter and water froze in her room, she had to break the ice and do her best.

There are depressing things in modern life, but here is an encouraging fact. It is a far better world for children than it has ever been. Elizabeth Haldane was right. The brutal methods of the past—due chiefly to ignorance—are passing, and there is a sincere effort on the part of adults to do what Jesus did when "He took a little child and set him in the midst of them."

Our quotation today is by Dr. Samuel—"Hope is like the sun; as we walk toward it, the shadows fall behind."

Adieu Old Year

Adieu, old year with all its joy
And sorrow, now adieu.
This chapter's closed forever now.
Here comes a chapter new.
We wonder what the year will bring.
Each morn a page unread.
Each evening we know every-thing
That page and chapter said.
We hold in our own hands this book,
The pages pure and white,
Yet for Thy help we now must look.

Dear Lord, for in Thy sight
We long to keep the pages clear
From blot or sad mistake.
Dear Father, for the coming year
Our hands in Thine now take
And lead us onward all the way,
As on through life we go,
'Till at the closing of life's day
We see the sunset's glow.
Then kindly lead us by the hand
When winds and waves rise high,
Until we reach the Heavenly Land,
Dear Father, be Thou nigh.
—Mrs. A. Weber

In spite of all of them, I say
"It doesn't make sense!"
—Frederick J. Vacher

Dear Mr. Editor,
Stouffville is fortunate in the development of many new subdivisions in our immediate vicinity. We are glad to see this manifestation of the prosperity of the present times. We are glad too that the occupants of these beautiful new homes enjoy the most modern of conveniences and facilities.

But why should they, only benefit by the new sewage system? Their septic tanks are new and will not need to be replaced for probably twenty years. The older section of the town is occupied by residents who have paid taxes in good times and bad. In many cases their parents and grandparents before them have also contributed to make Stouffville what it is today.

In most cases their facilities for sewage disposal are antiquated and inadequate, but their

From our EARLY FILES

Dec. 23rd, 1926

It was fifteen below zero last Saturday morning in Stouffville, according to W. B. Sanders' big thermometer. While "W.B.'s" big instrument usually dips a little lower than other recorders in town, it certainly represented the true feeling on this occasion. Friday evening it was bitter cold with a stiff breeze, and many householders found it difficult to keep their places comfortable.

Constable Perry may be expected to be going around with a rather wicked look in his eye these mornings, since the council has declared war on the non-snow shovellers. The town by-law requires all walks to be shoveled of snow by 10 o'clock in the morning.

The scene from the window of The Tribune office this Tuesday morning is one of extreme animation and Stouffville's Christmas Market is one on which the local farmers and poultrymen have reason to congratulate themselves. The Main street is packed on both sides with vehicles of all descriptions, most of which have their contribution for the Christmas dinner table.

The finances of Stouffville are as solid as a rock. The council

closed their year, Dec. 15th, with a bank balance of \$2,990, or \$450 less than they carried forward at the beginning of the year.

A couple of English boys in town on Sunday displayed their intelligence and good training, as well as reverent respect for the dead, when on passing the home of the late Joel Nendick, they reverently bowed their heads. This is an Old Country custom that could be adopted in Canada to good advantage. Within the memory of most of us, time was, when people halted and removed their hats when a funeral was passing by, but even this little mark of respect is being brushed aside in these days of rush and hurry.

Last Saturday night as Roy Curtis' horse was tied in the United Church shed, someone entered and removed a valuable robe which was protecting the animal from the severe cold, leaving the beast to the mercy of the elements. This is the second occasion on which Mr. Curtis has been thus dealt with, which makes his total loss \$45. Immediate steps are to be taken in this latter case to compel the thief to return the robe, as there were eyes about when the steal was made.



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